THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS,

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by

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B. and third Sts.

Capitol Hill.

SELECTED TALE.

THE EARL AND THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of the velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd, but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance: and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom. as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless,and worse than widowed—O yes, worse than widowed, as he stood there, and followed with his eyes the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. 'I am sick of this idle pomp!' he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral. 'I am sick of this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!'

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Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of a hill overlooking the village of H——. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. 'Here at least is a happy scene,' he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. 'At least I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it,' he said, and in a few moments he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as the Earl of Derby, and disguised by the attentions paid to his station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he had turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of burch sufficiently high and thick to meet over head, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly upon her bosom, and a curly-headed urchin distending his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good humored, that the earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. 'Not in that merry village we have just left,' he said, 'for I am unwell and tired.'

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it through a large cornfield, and up a very steep sandy lane, and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough when one is obliged to listen to learn one's own way, here they would be even more so.—Besides, I am not shure the Earl attended to this poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholly thoughts, but soothed in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds which, in the quiet fields on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him, he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below but no house. At last where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly shaped chimneys,opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly, and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded—but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully, half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear, and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on, about the subject that had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled—and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her troubles, and the only expression on her face was innocent gladness.

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Let no one suppose, that in this fair country girl we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity—nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh no, Lucy was none of these. What was she? a fair and happy maiden of low birth, if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth—of no accomplishments or education, beyond reading, and—let me remember—yes she could write. She read well for her voice was full of natural melody, and practice, and genuine feeling, and above all, piety had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though they were delicately, nay exquisitely shaped; their little palms might have been softer; but. if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milk maid, 'she makes her hand hard with labor,' it might have been added, 'and her heart soft with pity:' for they who knew her, says she was the kindest creauture that ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner that gave a charm to every look and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentle women, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. There was one however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say—in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of the habits, and his prejudices began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure minded maiden, who felt in his inmost heart the influence of her modest, cheerful piety, and paid her, from his heart the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form to the relations of this sweet Lucy—for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) 'vagabond.' They doubted and questioned, and wavered and questioned again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer and blush, and thus in fact, to make them really suspicious, for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

'You see,' said an old uncle, at last,who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, 'you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you, but you are, or rather have been; till now, when you've plucking up a bit, a poor sickly, idle body; and suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that *I* shall leave her, when,please Heaven, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what,' he said, 'brother and sister,' (turning to Lucy's parents,and looking very wise) 'don't be in a hurry to give your consent; Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes, *I* say it again, (though you seem to smile] young man—fit for any lord in the land.

Lucy had been busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her, but now she turned round pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncles harrangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were penyless—but she felt, that without the consent of her parents—servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were—she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak, her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her duteous child. Mothers, or wives I meant to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother—and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit—or in truer words—calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her love on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, &c. proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied: and now Lucy, who had been at times unusually silent, recovered all her cheerfulness, and went about the house singing—so her mother thought—like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighborhood were waiting round the church door, to fling baskets full of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them and blessed them.

'High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as these!' he said to himself, 'but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood.'

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'That is a grand place, indeed!' said Lucy,as toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; 'but does our road lie through the park?'

'Not exactly through the park,' he replied—but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years, and *I* am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power—and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home.'

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

'Well! all those large rooms, and the

pictures, and all the fine furniture, are all very grand.' said Lucy, 'but my eyes ache with looking at them—*I* like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbor of honeysuckle so near the house?'

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens—at length she said, '*I* wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?' she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

'How many questions have you given me to answer *Lucy*? Let me consider! Yes he is a married man, he married not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear *Lucy*.'

'Poor thing!' said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

'Why do you sigh, my own *wife*?' he demanded. 'Do you envy that poor country maiden?'

'Do I envy her?' she replied, in a voice of tender reproach, 'what a strange question! Do I envy any one?' and as she said this, she drew more closely arouud her the arm which encircled her slender waist; 'would I exchange my husband with any one!' she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; 'I sighed in pity for the poor young lady. for a lady she is now. such a change is enough to turn her head?'

Would it turn yours Lucy?' he said.

'Perhaps it might,' she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. 'But is she really happy? does she love him for himself alone?'

'My sweet Lucy,' he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought he had never before seemed so tenderly respectful towards her; 'my sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions, you smile! I see you look amazed upon me, but I repeat it, you alone!'

'But first,' she said, very artlessly, 'I must be lady here, you must make me Countess of Derby?'

She had scarcely said this when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll, Clifford rose up instantly, and without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the Countess of Derby, his wife.

Lucy did not speak, she could scarcely stand, the color forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her, then with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present. she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession, and raising her innocent face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her, but perhaps, of all the high born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with an humbler spirit than the lowly lady.

'Look on me and weep,' as the onion said to the cook.

God manners are the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

'How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sined?' asked an amiable wife of her husband. 'Till he got a wife,' was the reply.

A would-be-wit, asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey? No, said the boy, but if you will take a seat I will try.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 12, :::: 1846.

Continued from last Huntress—scene on board the R. F. Stockton. As we said, we had a missionary on board: the first we saw of him was at the supper-table, sitting opposite to our unworthy self, and was reprimanding the insolence of that big 'nigger' to a passenger who sat next to him. The black man was silent thereafter, and well he might—the man was a giant in size, and a savage in countenance.

Making room for the second table, we lost sight of him for some time until after the supper-table was clered off; when hearing a loud boisterous voice, we turned round and saw the same gigantic man in a towering passion, with his face red as a turkey gobler—we beg pardon of our readers. He was engaged in a religious dispute with a German, a man of learning and strong reasoning powers, and was quite superior to his opponent in argument. He was mild and dispassionate, and when he would defeat the Irishman (for such he was of the rankest kind. though apparently educated in the new school) the audiance made the cabin ring with laughter, while Pat (who seemed to have the scriptures by heart) would make no other reply than, 'you dirty fellow you,' 'you insolent fellow how dare you to use such language about the scriptures in a christian country.' The gentleman who kept his temper observed with a smile, 'that is not the language of a christian.' This threw Pat off of his ground: but after a pause he would pour out a torrent of Scripture quite irrelevant to the matter in debate—so loud and infuriated—with his long unearthly red face, and head (being tall) touring above the passengers—the rage of his countenance—the venom of his eye, and his gross indecorous language—calling the Dutchman a l—r &c. To which the Dutchman replied. 'If you were a chistian you would pray for me.'

Our friend—Col. Stewart—took him up here and observed, 'I will come to the point at once—God made the Heaven, the earth. the sun, the moon and stars &c. in six days, could he not make money if he wanted it? or, could he not convert the heathen without money?' This settled him—he was silent the remainder of the night.

His intolerance was highly disaproved of by all on board. His looks gave him the appearance of a madman.

This is the first time we ever found, or heard of an Irishman amongst the *Church and State* missionaries. Quite a new move of the 'Evangelical Church,' as they call themselves.

There may be policy in this new arrangement, an army of such ferocious overbearing bullies as this man, armed with a few Kerry Shellalies might do the cause some service.

The '*Robert F. Stockton*' is rather a small boat, and was crowded to suffication, with about half berths enough, and some of these were on each side of the boiler, with a planking between, and so hot that no one could sleep there, and we (our little girl and self) took lodging upon the floor with several othere, though many of both sex sat up all night.

The passengers were for the most part, plain sensible people, of the middling class, the best of citizens;* and some of the females were very pretty and modest, particulaily the Captain's lady. She is a splentied woman, with a tall majestic figure, of the finest symmetry. with fair, handsome features, full blue eye, and bespeaks noble blood.

She came on board late from some village, attended by a pleasant good looking woman, who paid great attention to the lady and her baby, the sweetest little innocent in creation.

But we had another amusing scene, this happened about 11 o'clock P. M. Upon reaching the Canal, the Captain of a small sail-vessel had evidently been pushing a head as it seemed, to get into the Canal before our Steamboat, and both came in contact just at the mouth of the Canal.—The Pilot a fine fellow, had been warning the Captain aforesaid, for some time to larboard, but Pat (he was from the sod) said, "it was a free country," and kept on; up came the Stockton just as the other had his bow in the Canal, 'keep off,' says the Pilate, 'to h—ll with yes,' says Pat, 'its a free counthry.' The Pilot cursed. loud and long, Pat swore, the bell rung. passengers cried out—'Shame, you'll be sunk:" Pat heeded not, side by side, he squeezed on till-amidst the din, crash went the schooner, no lives lost, the Steamer only laying off a plank or two of Pats starboard, which spread out flat upon the water. Had you seen him. We were leaning over the side of the Steamer and had a full view of him, just under us and the lamp, throwing the light full upon his face, his boat and his starboard plank, floating beautiful, his face red with rage, his eyeballs distended, working away for life. backing his vessel and talking all the while about his stout neighbor. "You shall pay for this:" said the Pilot, at the top of his voice, "may the d—l blow yes," says Pat, "but yes shall pay me first for what yes have done." This was the last we heard of the poor fellow.

We were fortunate in meeting the cars at Baltimore, and reached Washington at half past eight o'clock Thursday morning, absent three days, all well, our young people improved in health, and delighted with their visit, like good boys and girls, went to work and got out the Huntress—the outside being done—in time to distribute on Saturday.

*There were no pickpockets aboard, as we have in the crack boats, if we except the black servants. One of them caught hold of our dress to force 30 cents from us for a cup of cold drugy coffee, though the lady of the Captain had ordered it.—But she soon let go when we shrieked for assistance, she was the chamber maid, the most abominable brute in human shape. and the cook was little better; they are dangerous: we offered her 12 and a half cents, but she could not change. Besides there was about a tun weight in the article of the ugliest black woman, who took up the ladies gang way, where they had to pass during the night, in doing which they received the vilest language from those she ruffians. There is another line, or boat, *Capt. Trip*, at your service $3. This is absurd: they would make double by charging $2—about the fair thing.

PILOTS.

We cannot find a subject more worthy of praise than the Pilots on this line, the most attentive we ever met with.

Look up at them on either boat when you might, their eye never blinks, open and bright, looking straight ahead. This requires the exertion of every principle of honor, and every faculty of the mind, particularly in the night, when most of the trip is made.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Not wishing to break thread of our story in regard to private matters, we postponed the *Custom House* till this was concluded.

Col. Page—as we observed before—is the Collector of Philadelphia, and no better man was ever appointed to any office in any country. We have known him about twenty years—have often been in Philadelphia almost lived there—he being *Post master several years.** We had frequent intercourse with him, and never heard the most distant hint disreputable to him—a *Lawyer bred*—accomplished in his manners, and generous as a Prince, with an amiable disposition. Col. P. *could not*, if he would, infringe the laws of propriety, it is incompatible with his nature; imagine then if you can, our surprise to find the Custom House—the fine marble building in Chesnut street filled with *piratical fierce vulgar men*—scraped as it would seem from the fag-end of the world, without manners and without intelligence. Some of them were young, some middle aged, but all looked black (with the exception of a few shadow pated dandies who grined) as a thunder cloud, just as though they had come from the mob-fights, which so often disgrace Philadelphia.

We had called on Col. Page at his office, the previous evening, and he invited us to call at the Custom House, asked us 'why we had not sent him our paper?"—We excused by saying he had always been kind while in public office, and we did not like to tax so much goodness; but now we should "send it." And as to the *Officers* of the Custom House, we should hardly call, as we never found, or at least rarely "any one worth notice amongst them." "But do you come I will see to that." Therefore we called.

It being rather early, Col. Page was not in so they said, but we saw enough to discover demagoguism ruled there. We asked a dumpy looking man whom we took for a spy—with a tri-angle face and an iron countenance—something about Col. Page, 'I don't know any thing about him," said the clown, as short as if he would bite off our head He had come from another part of the building to where the clerks and ourself were standing near the door, doubtless to see what he could see.'

Pursuing our walk, we called in again on our return to see Col. P., and learn something more from him, how it happened that such men were employed under the government? He was still absent, though it was then near 1 o'clock, or he might have refused an audiance from dread of these spies. For it now appeared they were *all* spies upon each other, as was the case during the Demagogue reign at Washington during Mr. Van Buren's Presidency.

Seeing a notice of the Surveyor's office, we asked the little iron face if he was in. 'I don't know nothing about him," said the ruffian, more snapish than before, though from his proximity he must have been one of the gentleman's clerks.

Determined to go to the bottom of this mysterious affair, the door being open we walked in, and found the *only* man we had seen yet, that had any thing human about him. Introducing ourself, he bowed politely, looked pleasant—told us to be seated—rose up on the instant and went out saying, "*I* will return in a moment."—Finding they all stood in awe of some person, and being satisfied 'how the case stood' we were being off, when a tall genteel man with a grim countenance, and stiff demeanor, however, asked—"whom do you wish to see?" "Col. Page." we replied. 'We will see if he *is* in,' said the gentleman.—

* This was, and *still* is, the best regulated Post Office in the United States and we have had transactions with most of them. The clerks in the *Post Office* are gentlemanly and trust worthy men.

But no Col. *P.* was to be found.

Returning to the Hotel, we sent our boy to Col. *P's.* office, but he was not there, and soon afterwards left the city. As the editors say, 'there is a screw loose' here as well as in the New York Custom House. But we shall never believe Col. Page is in fault.

Mrs. M****n—*Dear Madam*:—I received your kind note with the very liberal present you have done me the honor to bestow. From first to last, you have done more for me than all my friends put together. True, from the scarcity of money, I find some difficulty in procuring necessaries, but few people know of it, because *I* do not complain. But you dear Madam, *will* know every thing, linked with Heaven and christian charity. You are not be deceived, though God knows, from the many destitute objects looking up to you for assistance, I have endeavored to deceive you.

As to your generous request that I must not from false delicacy, neglect to apply to you for any thing I might need. Since it will gratify you, and the good Mr. M***r too, I assure you I shall not. But when Congress is sitting, I am well provided for, and hope they will do more this Session. May you, dear Madam, forever receive the kindness of man and the favor of Heaven.

Your affectionate friend,
ANNE *ROYALL.*

N. B. Please present my best respects to Miss Maher.

CONGRESS.

The "United wisdom of the Nation" has assembled once more. We have met our friends 'and they are ours.' The Hon. Delegation from Georgia plump on the Capitol steps—excepting Mr. Toombs and King. The gentle Breese, and that soul of good fellows, Hon. R. Smith from Ill., our friend A. A. Chapman of Va., White of N Y., and Smith of Con., all well.

We hope they will talk less, and do more than usual. We shall do ourself the pleasure to call on our friends as soon as possible, and the amiable Mrs. A. A. Chapman of Va., amongst the very first.

MARYLAND HOUSE.

It will be seen by the advertisement of Mr. Leonard Robey that he has opened the above named Hotel (late the Varandah,) and has fitted it up in a superior style. Persons visiting Washington, and the citizens generally would do well to give him a call. Mr. Robey is a native of Prince Georges County, Md. and a very deserving man—Call and see him between 4 1-2 and 3rd Street, North side P. Avenue.

CONGRESS HALL.

This known Hotel, nearly opposite Coleman's, has recently undergone thorough repairs: and the proprietor[Mr. King] is prepared to serve up all the luxuries of the season at the shortest notice, and on the most accomodating terms. Members of Congress, and others visiting the city, will find to their interest to patronize him.

Of Mr. King we need say nothing—he is a native of this place, extensively known, and universally esteemed.

PALO ALTO HOUSE.

Mr. Capritz has opened the above named hotel, in the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Lynch on East Capitol Street, and has fitted it up in a superior style.—His bar is supplied with the choicest wines and liquors, and all the luxuries of the season will be served up at the shortest notice. Mr. Capritz is a very meritorious man, and Members of Congress and others will find it to their interest to give him a call.

A Bachelor Editor and his Visitor.—The Editor of the Southern Tribune, printed at Point Coupee, La., states that as he was sitting in his *kitchen*, on the 23d of April looking over an old romance, while the *devil* was busily employed arranging their frugal repast, a huge moccassin snake tumbled from the rafters within a foot of the devil, who started as though he had been struck by a musket ball, and with a bound, leaped over the stove and knocked down the pipe about his ears.—The serpent coiled up for battle, but being stuned in the fall, he was soon killed by this resolute Editor. The sage Bachelor concludes his notice of this extraordinary advent, by saying that he is very fond of company, but particularly requests all visitors of this kind not to come so unceremoniously!

An *Indian* chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine presented to him by officer, said, 'he thought the juce extracted from woman's tonges and lion's hearts; for when he drank a bottle of it he could talk for ever and fight the devil.'

A man on his way to market with a load of dead hogs, observing a girl courtesy to him, asked her why she did courtesy to dead hogs? I do not said she, but pay my respects to the the *live one.*

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner, knowing them, answered, that his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

CONGRESS HALL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT.

The subscriber takes this method of returning his sincere thanks to his numerous friends who have so liberally patronized him heretofore, and informs them that, having fitted up and entirely renovated the above well-known establishment, nearly opposite the National Hotel, his intention is to carry on the business of hotel keeping upon the European principle, as far as circumstances will permit. A regular charge will be made for chambers, and meals extra, according to what may be ordered in the "*Eating Saloon.*" His larder is well supplied with Oysters, Game, &c.

Permanent boarders, by the day, week, or month, will find a regular *Table d'Hote* at stated hours.

Suites of Parlors always in readiness for private parties.

Dinner parties served up in the most approved style, and on moderate terms.

P. H. KING.

December 5. 1846.

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They are all in form to send by mail, and will cost not more than 25 cts. postage to any part of the Unites States.

☞ Single copies invariably 2 dols. per year. Six months 1. 25. The first term is always payable in advance.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on seventh street, one door from the corner of Pennsylvania avenue, facing the Centre Market, recently occupied by John C. Cook, esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber also long known to the public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks and attentive servants.

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

JOHN WEST.

August 23, 1846.

N. B. The house has undergone considerable repairs, and has been thoroughly clensed from bottom to top.

J. W.

AN ACROSTIC.

'There is a bower of roses by Bendemers Stream.'
On these roses enraptured the poet reclined.
But an Havana Cigar is more fragrant I ween
And inviting than bowers with roses entwined.
Come then, come the bower where Tyson resides.'
Come and puff off the cares of your business drives,
O'er this bowof the Genius of smoking presides.

Segars of the finest from Cuba's bright Isle,
None here can equal, they're wondrous rare;
Under luxuries so fragrant, each care you beguile.
For they fly with the smoke and vanish in air.
For "tis clear and unquestionable,' 'tis a genuine Cigar.

'And wield and high' the poets strain awoke,
Not cries of 'gathering,' but Havanna's smoke,
Dance gaily o'er the head, as light as ether float.

Content with small profits, he solicits a hand;
Invites you to call, he's determined to please
Good Segars, good Tobacco, all of a good brand
And at his establishment no one need sneeze
Relying on friendship, disposed to be fair,
Solicits of custom a moderate share.

Call and see N. E. Tyson, sign of the full grown Indian, 5 doors East of 4-1-2 street Pa. Avenue.

August 1, 1846.

JOHN H. BUTHMANN,
WINE MERCHANT,
Pennsylvania Avenue,
(South Side,)
Between 4½ and 6th Street,
Washington, D. C.

"MONTEREY HOUSE."

The subscriber having re-opened his old stand nearly opposite Coleman's Hotel, would be glad to receive a call from his old friends and the public generally.

The house has been thoroughly repaired from bottom to top; and it is fitted up in a style not surpassed, if equaled in the District.

The subscriber feels grateful for past favors, whilst heretofore engaged in business in this city, and hopes by strict attention to business and a determination to render satisfaction to merit an increase of public patronage. His table will be furnished with all the luxuriies of the season, and his bar with the choicest wines and liquors.

JAMES S. HALL.

Washington D. C. Oct, 31, 1846.

P. S. Boarders received per day, week, or month.

J. S. H.

J. F. CALLAN,
Corner of E. and 7th streets, opposite the Post Office Department,
Dealer, Wholesale and Retail, in Drugs and Chemicals, patent and family Medicines, paints Oils, Window Glass, and *perfumery*. Garden and Flower Seeds and Roots, Agricuttural Implements and Books, Garden tools. Green House plants, Bouquets and Cut Flowers. Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery.

VARIETY STORE.

The subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has opened in the above line of business and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of house furnishing articles, Fancy Goods, Hardware and Cuttlery, Brushes, Brooms, Baskets, Tubs, Buckets, Sieves, Mats, Blinds, Japanned ware Waiters, Clocks, Looking Glasses, Combs, Fancy articles, Violins, &c. J. T. DOWNS.

Pennsylvania Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

R. C. NICHOLS'
AMERICAN HOTEL,
(*Late European,*)
Pennsylvania Avenue,
Between 14th and 15th Streets,
Washington, D. C.

RAIL-ROAD HOTEL.

The undermentioned having taken the above well known Hotel, recently occupied by P. Moran, East of the Rail Road Depot, between 1st and 2d Streets, is now prepared to accommodate any number of persons that may favor them with a call. Their table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and the bar with the choicest liquors.

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June 6, 1846.

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
J. F. CALLAN'S
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Among which are to be found the following: artichoks, asparagus, beans of various kinds, beets of every variety, brussel's sprouts, broceli, collards, cabbage, many sorts, carrots do. do., cauliflowers, late and early cellery, white and red, cherfu or salad, corn, salad, peppergress, cucumber, late and early corn, early prolific and sweet egg plant, white and purple endive curled kale, all the best sorts os mellons and cantelopes, nasturtium, okra, excellent for soups, onions, white, red, and silver parsley, plain and curled parsnips, large peas, very early and late pepper squash and other pumpkins; radishes, vegetable oysters, spinage squash of every variety, turnips the finest kind of turnips—all the onion sets. &c.

MARYLAND HOUSE.

(*Late the Varandah Hotel.*)

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The Maryland House is located in the most business part of Washington—a few moments walk of either the Capitol, Depot, Court-room or Market.

The undersigned is assisted by an experienced Barkeeper and trusty servants. Board $1 per day. Meals served at any hour, at a short notice, and sent to any part of the city when ordered.

LEONARD S. ROBEY.

Nov. 14, 1846.

EYES RIGHT—LEFT FRONT.

Turn your eyes which way you will, the same agreeable sensation and clear preception of vision is produced by the American Perifocal Glass, manufactured only by H. M. Paine, North Oxford M. S. They are acknowledged to be the greatest aid to the human vision ever invented. These Glasses can be had of the subscriber (who is the only authorized agent in this District) set in Gold, Silver or steel frames, also Parabolic Glasses, for near sighted people, and cateract Glasses for those who are so unfortunate as to require them, at wholesale or retail. Also a few choice of Gold and Silver Watches.

Gold pens and pencils in Gold and Silver Cases, and genteel assortment of Jewelry which will be sold low for cash at his store on Pa. avenue a few doors east of Coleman's Hotel, corner of Pepper alley and next door to Dr. J. F. May's office.

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Nov 22, 1845.

PERSEVERANCE
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THE subscriber having taken the Perseverance Coffee House, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spritnous Liquors Wine Porter Ale and Cider as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping the most abundant supply of the best Oysters cooked every way and for private families.

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WILLIAM BENTER.

TO SUIT THE TIMES—TOBACCO, CIGARS, SNUFF, WHOLESALE

And retail.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public generally that he has commenced the above business at No. 6, east of Gadsby's Hotel. Having been experience of four or five years, and a thorough practical knowledge of the manufacture of Tobacco in all its varieties, it may confidently be expected that he will keep constantly on hand the most excellent articles, (and at uncommon low prices too,) in the Tobacco line, imported into this country. He hopes, by a devotedness to his business, to meet with encouragement from a generous public, whom it will be his greatest, desire to please. He has now in store, and for sale, the following choice brands of Tobacco, Cigars, and Snuff;

CIGARS.

Regalia	Principe Perez
Reformers	Principe Delgad
Imperial	Principe Mellin
Cazadores	Havana Legitimo
Rifle	Trabucos Superio
Industry	Canchés

Also Cigars of every variety extant.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

Bridges's Diamond Jesse Hale's sun cure
Russell Robertsons Wright's
olsey's old Choc Small Lump of v. bd

SNUFFS.

President's Mixture	Rappee
Macaboy	Natchiloches
Congress	snuff Boxes of b,

N. B. The undersigned will do business on the cash system, and consequently will be able to furnish goods at least 25 per cent. cent cheaper than any other establishment in the District.

W. H. WINTER.

LADIES ADN GENTLEMEN'S PLAIN AND FANCY SHOE STORE.

Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable, Shoe Store, on Penn. Avenue, nearly opposite Brown's Hotl, between six and Seven street, where he always keep on hand an assortment of Ladies and Gentlemans manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are.

MEN'S fine seals Morocco, and calf boots, Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, d
Do coarse thick d
Do Brogans and Monroe,
Do pumps and Calf, shoes,
Boys boots, brogans and dress shoe
Ladies and Misses fine calf seal and Morocco walking.
Do fine kid and Gaiters,

"THE SHADES."

Thompson's Restaurant and

Bowling Saloon.

(Late Jenkin's "Metropolis House")

The subscriber very respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken the above-named house, which has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished, and that he is prepared to furnish all the luxuries of the season in a style second to no establishment in the District.

Gentlemen can be furnished with supper and dinner parties at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

His bar is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c.

Attached to the house are two Bowling alleys, equal, if not superior, to any in the District.

He earnestly solicits a call from his old friends and the citizens generally, and assures them that nothing on his part shall be wanting to give entire satisfaction.

R. R. THOMPSON.

July 25, 1846.

G. BROOKE, & CO.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, and the public generally, that they have made such arrangements with the publishers and others as to enable them to offer inducements to subscribers and others, that are not to be met with at any other establishment in the District.

From their long and familiar acquaintance with the business in this City, they feel confident that they can give satisfaction to all customers who may be pleased to favor them with a call; and and they assure subscribers and the public, that no pains will be spared to make thn Literary Depot, corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth street, equal to any establishment of the kind south of New York.

JOS. SIMMS & SONS,

Wholesale and Retail—Baltimore.

Stove and Sheet Iron Ware Manufactory,

S. E. Corner of Light & Lombard Sts.

BALTIMORE.

The Pictorial History of the U. States.

With notices of other portions of America by S. G. Goodrich, author of Peter Parley's Tales, for the use of schools. The main purpose of the work is to furnish a full, accurate, and just history of the Western Continent which may attract and render this subject a common school study throughout the land.—While, therefore it is full, in point of matter, it is so arranged as to be easily mastered by the pupil, and with no excessive demands upon the attention of the teacher. It will be remarked that the work is largely illustrated with engravings of scent and incidents, together with portraits and plain maps, designed to convey correct ideas of men and things, and at the same time taking care that the history shall be studied with accurate geographical notions.

Also, the Pictorial History of France, upon the same plan, and by the same author.

Just received and for sale at the Book and Stationary store of

R. FARNHAM,

Corner of 11 st. and Penn. Ave.

TAILORING.

The subscriber has received his Fall and Winter fashions, and is now prepared to execute all orders in his line in a superior style, at the shortest notice, and upon the most accommodating terms. All garments made to order and warranted in every particular. He feels grateful for past favors, and hopes by strict application to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage. Call and examine for yourself, first door North, in Coleman's Hotel, entrance 6th Street.

J. DIXON.

Oct 31, 1846.

THE BEST OF THE WEEKLIES.

Neal's Saturday Gazette—New Volume.

Edited by Joseph C. Neal, Esq., author of 'charcoal sketches,' Peter Plodily and other oddities, 'in town and about,' &c.

The subscribers have purchased the establishment of the Saturday Museum, for purpose to make it their basis of a new enterprise on an enlarged and liberal plan. The tone and character of the paper will be changed and greatly improved. Indeed it is proposed to issue a weekly sheet of much higher pretentions to literary character and typographical execution, than any that has yet been put forth in Philadelphia to be called 'Neal's Saturday Gazette and Ladies Literary Museum,' will be issued on the 28 h of October, 1846, and will combine all the advantages of the present weeklies with many improvements and additions beyond their reach. It will be printed with new and elegant type upon a very splendid paper, such as is used in the finest book work. The principal editor, Mr. Joseph C. Neal, late of 'The Pennsylvanian' has well deserved reputation, the country over, as a humorous writer of unrivalled abilities. He has been pronounced by a distinguished critic, superior to Charles Dickens in all the constitutes genuine merit as a comic writer, a keen subject of the ludicrous; and this opinion has been endorsed by the tens of thousands of his countrymen who have read his Sketches. Nor are his talents confined to one style of writing. All who have read his editorials know at once a graceful liveliness and good humor, graces his productions, yet, when occasion requires he holds a pen fearless and powerful to lash abuses, to expose vice or to defend the right. As a sound thinker, a man familiar with the wants of the people, practically and of choice an industrious writer, and a journalist known and respected for eminent abilities and gentlemanly bearing, the publishers think that in this editor, they have made choice of no common man, they feel assured that he will be accordingly welcomed by the American press from Maine to Georgia.

To render the paper in every respect what it should be, Mr. Neal has retired from all other connection with the press, and will devote the full force of his talent, industry and experience to the columns of the Saturday Gazette, which, powerfully backed as he will be by the ablest writers of the day, cannot fail to place the new enterprise far beyond the reach of competition, by concentrating upon it an amount of literary force which has never before been similarly brought together on this side of the Atlantic.

There is still another department in which the Gazette and Ladies Museum will differ from other weekly papers. The fourth page will be edited by a lady of eminent talents. Sectarianism will be unknown to the columns. Literary Criticism, news, both foreign and domestic.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

One copy of Neal's Saturday Gaz. one year,	$2
Three copies " " " " "	5
Eight " " " " "	10
Thirteen " " " " "	15

Eighteen copies of the Gaz. will be sent for 20

Address, JOSEPH C. NEAL & CO.

N. E. corner of Fourth and Chesnut Streets, Philadelphia.

MICHAEL MCDERMOTT, wishes to inform his customers and the public in general that he still continues to carry on the Clock making business, in all its branches on Pa. avenue between third and four and a half sts. to where he keeps constantly on hand for sale, Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business to receive a share of public patronage.